

## SPRING.

When I am weary and the spirit flags,  
Spent with life's struggle and too dull for prayer,  
One haven of delight is still mine own,  
All unassailed by care.

In that dear realm the fancy wanders free,  
And drinks unsullied joy at every well;  
My years are lost in the eternal youth  
Of thy sweet spell.

Too old for innocence, too young for rest,  
My troubled spirit wanders to thy feet,  
Beloved Spring—thy ever new delight,  
I feel thy heart's strong beat.

For ever new the radiance of thy smile,  
Thy tender waking out of sleep, how new!  
All else is changing that is not yet changed,  
But thou remainest true.

Breathe on my cheek for breath that Death  
Hath stayed,  
And kiss my lips for lips that are no more,  
Or bring the fragrance of undying Spring  
From Heaven's far shore.

And if in some dim haunt I stray,  
And lose thy birds and flowers, this grass  
Still brings—  
That somewhere I may know thou art on  
Earth,  
That some see Spring!

—London Spectator.

## CAPTAIN CAMLION.

In the month of May, 1864, we were encamped, under Grant, on the bank of the Rapidan. The opposite side of the river was held by Lee's forces. Our regiment—the Two Hundredth Massachusetts—had fought in many of the bloodiest battles of the war, and comparatively few of the original volunteers now survived. Camlion, Fred. Belton and myself, however, still held together, and neither of us, in all the dangers to which we had been exposed, had ever received a wound.

Our acquaintance antedated the war. We had been classmates in Harvard University. I remember we used to nickname Camlion "Captain" long before the war of the rebellion was thought of. He was tall, strong and serene, with a dignity about him, half boyish and half manly, which made him respected as well as loved. He was president of every college society to which he belonged; he pulled the heaviest oar in the University crew. No exertion tired him, and no provocation put him out of temper, though I do not forget his encounter with Fred Belton. It was, indeed, the beginning of their friendship. Fred was a Virginian by birth, though he afterward fought on the Northern side; he was full of fun and humorous mischief, but subject to ungovernable outbursts of passion.

Another follower of Camlion's—and he had many, though his intimates were few—was Frank Capel, also a Southerner and a well-mannered, pleasant fellow enough. He was chiefly noted for his fanatical devotion to a certain famous sister of his, to whose praises his friends were obliged to listen in season and out. She was, according to Frank, the cleverest, most beautiful, most fascinating creature above ground. Her dancing, her riding, her music, were all perfection, and Frank used to declare that she could beat even Fred Belton hollow at shooting.

In short, she was the ideal of all that woman can or might be, and we looked forward with interest to her promised appearance on our class day.

"We'll introduce Camlion to her, and he shall make her an offer of marriage!" said Belton, with a chuckle.

The joke of this suggestion lay in the fact that the else heroic Camlion was what is called "afraid" of young ladies, that is, he could never be got to open his mouth in the presence of any woman who was not over thirty and married, and if brought to bay would stammer and blush like a school-boy, and stand twisting his great hands behind him and glancing anxiously this way and that for a chance to bolt. To imagine him carrying on a courtship was too daring a flight of fancy for any one but Belton. With children, however, Camlion was completely at home, and he would spend hours of uproarious happiness in a nursery, tumbling his gigantic frame about on the floor amid the screams of delight of the small people. He treated them with ardent reverence and abject forbearance, and they led him unresistingly captive.

Our class day came round at last—the longest and loveliest day of summer—with its "spreads" in the college rooms, its "dancing" on the college green, its illuminations in the evening, and its various other diversions. Miss Capel was there, and beyond doubt she was, in appearance at least, nearly all that Frank had declared her to be. But for my own part, while recognizing the bewitching brilliance of her face and manner, I found her slender lips too satirical and her clear brown eyes too unsympathetic to command my entire fealty. She was one of those women who, as a bare return for condescending to exist in the presence of a man, demand from him a devotion scarcely distinguishable from slavery. She was witty, rapid and at once subtle and daring. There was in her, I fancied, more of intellectual appreciation of passion than of passion itself. She seemed to think that the proper place for her arched foot was on the neck of the rest of humanity. She had never been opposed, much less rebuked or humiliated; she expected that your eye would fall before hers. Her figure was tall and lithe, and nobly proportioned, graceful erect and alert. Fred Belton, on the other hand, considered her "divine," and acquired her about almost invariably; she accepting his homage in good part, and laughing with him, or at him, quite affably. For several hours she was a general object of envy. At length, catching sight of Camlion, he whispered a few words to his beautiful companion, glanced at our serene Hercules, and the modest head. A moment later he had been brought up and presented.

"See you again in half an hour in Harvard Hall," said Belton, and was off, chuckling to me. "We've cooked old Camlion's goose for this time, at all events."

"Perhaps he had, though not in the way he intended," I murmured. "What induced Miss Belton to absolutely let herself out to captivate Camlion of all men?" Was it from a subtle feminine perception that no woman had yet won him, when yet he

was worth any woman's winning? Was it, perhaps, that she was really impressed by something in the man's noble, simple nature that revealed to her possibilities she had never till then suspected? Or was it a mere whim, because she was weary of being worshipped, and wanted to have the novel sensation of finding herself on the soliciting side? I can not say; but, at all events, she did it—how effectually and lastingly no one knew until years afterward. Meanwhile, it may be remarked that she and Camlion did not make their appearance at Harvard Hall, where Fred waited for them until his patience was exhausted. On the contrary they kept together by themselves all the rest of the day and evening; and it was not until the illuminations were over, and most of the merry-makers dispersed, that Belton came across them wandering arm-in-arm under the trees at the outskirts of the college grounds. They met his rather discolored greeting composedly.

"I thought you two must have decamped for good!" he exclaimed, with a reproachful look at the lady. "You know, Miss Capel, you were engaged to dance the first waltz with me at the hall, and afterward to come to my spread, and—"

"I found better employment," interrupted Miss Capel, with a glance of superb insolence.

Her white hands, which Belton noticed were ungloved, were clasped over Camlion's mighty arm, and now she looked up at him, in the bright moonlight, with what seemed to Belton an expression of secret intelligence. Camlion bent toward her and said something; but in so low a tone that Belton did not catch it. Miss Capel then turned to the latter and demanded brusquely whether he knew where her brother was.

"I came to escort you to him," was Belton's reply.

She allowed her hands lingeringly to leave Camlion's arm; they confronted each other for a moment; their eyes meeting.

"Don't forget," she said to him at length, almost in a whisper.

"I shall be there," he answered, lifting his hat as he spoke.

After another pause she turned away from him slowly and began to move toward the college, quite ignoring Belton, who nevertheless walked beside her. He addressed several remarks to her, to which she vouchsafed no answer whatever. At last, being piqued, he said:

"Well, Miss Capel, I hope you've enjoyed your visit to Harvard and like the men you've met here."

"I have met only one man here," she replied, facing him imperiously. "And this was all he got from her that evening."

Next morning Camlion was not at breakfast, but some hints of his adventure of the previous evening leaked out, and Belton had to sustain a good deal of shaft about the manner in which he had been "cut out." As for Miss Capel, it was known that she was staying with her father and brother at the Tremont House in Boston. After breakfasting, curiosity or idleness carried me around to Camlion's rooms. I was surprised to find him hurriedly packing his trunk, his usually healthy looking countenance very pale and drawn. I asked him what was the matter.

"I'm going home," he said. "I got a telegram this morning—something very bad has happened to my father. I muttered my sympathy. Presently he resumed: "You were introduced to—Miss Capel, I think? Will you see her before she goes, and tell her—say I would have come if it had been possible; and—I hope I may see her again some day?"

I promised, wondering, that I would do what he asked, and soon after I bade him good-by. We did not meet again for some years. When I called on the Capels to deliver his message, they were not in, and I did not have another opportunity of discharging my commission. In the course of a few days the newspapers contained the information that, something having gone wrong in the banking-house of which Camlion's father was manager, the latter had committed suicide.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Fred Belton, when he heard the report, "I almost wish it had been me! Dear old Camlion!"

When Camlion and I found ourselves together again at the outbreak of the war, he was much matured in appearance, though his boyish simplicity and gentleness were unchanged. I have heard, in a vague way, that he had devoted himself, not without success, to paying off the liabilities which his unhappy father had incurred. But contact with men and the world, and the hearty pre-occupation of his struggle to atone for the sins of the dead, instead of embittering him, had brought his strong nature a more cheerful frame; and his quiet geniality made his companionship more than ever delightful to me. But once, when I asked him, half jocularly, whether he had no thoughts of getting married, he looked at me very gravely, and answered, in his deep, straightforward voice:

"I never met but one woman whom I could have married, and I gave her up long ago. Do you remember Miss Capel?"

This led to my telling him how his message had failed to reach her; and the intelligence seemed to produce a great effect upon him. He murmured to himself several times, "That may have been the reason," and thereafter became totally uncommunicative on the subject. I do not know whether Fred Belton ever heard of this conversation; but for my own part the stirring events that were daily happening around us soon put it out of my head.

As I began by saying, we were encamped on the Rapidan River, just before that terrible series of battles in the Wilderness which ushered in the close of the rebellion. Meanwhile there was an ominous quiet in our neighborhood; the only exception being a sharpshooters' skirmish on the Confederate side of the river, which was about 300 yards wide, and the only shot fired was the one of our men who returned to show as much as his fall on the Federal bank. As he had established himself opposite the Confederate position, and as it was practicable to water our cattle, his presence was particularly inconvenient, and we expended an apparently disproportionate

deal of trouble in our efforts to dislodge him, but nothing had any effect. As ill-luck would have it, there were no guns available at this point; and it was in vain that we peppered the place whence the deadly shots proceeded with our rifles. Every day several valuable men were lost, until at last the question, "What was to be done?" became a serious and pressing one. The unknown marksman never was known to miss; and all that any of us ever saw of him was the puff of smoke from the muzzle of his weapon.

One afternoon Fred Belton came to my tent (I was surgeon to our company) in a state of such manifest discomposure that at first I thought either the Colonel had been killed or the mysterious sharpshooter captured. It turned out to be quite another matter, however.

"What do you think?" he began, in an excited undertone. "Whose house do you suppose is a mile off there, on our left?" And without giving me the time to hazard a guess he went on: "The Capels, as sure as you are there. And whom do you suppose I saw? Miss Rosalind herself, as I'm a living sinner! She rode up on horseback, just as I was palavering at the front door for provender. By Jove, she's more divinely handsome than ever! And oh, my wig! didn't she give me a rating though! Whew!"

"What did she scold you about?" demanded I, amazed.

"For being a Virginian and fighting on the Northern side. I tell you she made me feel like a born sneak and blackguard. A little more, and I believe I should have rattled again, and joined the Johnny Rebs. 'If I were a man,' said she, 'I would make it my business to catch such creatures as you, and hang you!' It's my opinion if a few hundred women like her were to enlist on the Rebs' side we would be thrashed out of our boots in a month. But luckily there is not another woman like her on the planet."

"You'd better look out, or she'll make a conquest of you in more ways than one," said I, laughing. "By the way, this news would probably interest Camlion. Does he know?"

"No; and I don't mean to tell him," replied Belton, rather sharply, and after sitting a few moments longer he got up and left me in apparently no very good humor.

That same evening, however, he appeared again, this time in a preoccupied mood, and with his pipe in his mouth. The conversation presently turned upon the ever active sharpshooter, and after a few remarks had passed, Belton suddenly exclaimed:

"I've made up my mind to kill that fellow, and I have thought of a way how it may be done. I guess I'm as good a shot as he is, and if I can get sight of as much as a square inch of him he's settled!" He then went on to unfold to me his scheme, which appeared feasible, though there were certain obstacles in the way. After we had discussed it for a while, he said: "Do you know why I want to shoot him?"

"From patriotic motives, I trust," was my reply.

"That's very well so far as it goes; but there's something else. I believe I know who he is—or what he is, at all events. I believe he's the man whom Rosalind Capel means to marry. From something she said to-day I'm certain she knows him, and that there's something more than ordinary between them. And I don't intend that she shall marry him if I can help it."

I did not much like this attitude of Belton's, and I told him so; but he took my strictures in such ill part that for the present I judged it best to say no more. Plainly, he was in love with Miss Capel. I devoutly wished that she was out of the way, but before breakfast time next morning I was destined to hear of her again. It was about the hour of sunrise, when Camlion, who had been out on picket during the night, entered my tent, his face flushed, and his blue eyes kindled with repressed excitement.

"I have seen Miss Capel," he said, going to the point at once, as his custom was. "There was an alarm at my tent two hours ago, and one of my men fired. We heard something fall, went out, and found a rider entangled with his horse, which was shot dead. I knew her in a moment, though she was in man's clothes—a blouse and high boots. She had lost her way, and had stumbled on us in the darkness. Their house is near here, she says. It was a narrow escape; if she had been killed—I could not have borne it! I wish this war was over."

"Was she armed?" I inquired, feeling more uneasy than I cared to confess.

"No. Why should she, poor girl? She had been to see some friends of theirs somewhere up the country. I gave her a man to see her safe home." He had spoken the latter sentence in a low voice; now he looked suddenly up and said, with the deepest emphasis, "I would give my life to know that she loves me still as I love her! She did love me once! There's no other woman in the world for me."

"You must bear in mind that she's a red-hot rebel," I ventured to remark.

"On the contrary, she's more than half inclined to our side," returned Camlion, eagerly. She told me almost as much. In her heart she loves the Union best."

This unlike assertion increased my misgivings ten-fold; but before I could make up my mind what to say, I was summoned to attend another victim of our mysterious enemy on the opposite bank. The man was mortally wounded; but before he died he was able to state that he had seen his executioner, a young man with a straw hat and a dark blue jacket or shirt, who parted aside the bushes and looked across at him, the smoking rifle in his hand.

"If any one with a good aim had been with me," added the poor chap, "we'd had him potted then, sure!" They were his last words. But it was not the last time the terrible sharpshooter had been known to show himself under similar circumstances; and it set me thinking again of Belton's scheme of the night before.

At five o'clock that afternoon the officers and non-commissioned officers of our company were summoned to meet the Colonel; I was also present. As I anticipated, it was Belton's scheme that was the subject of discussion; the long and short of it was as follows: A volunteer was to be found to "show himself on the bank and take the enemy's fire. Belton, meanwhile, was to conceal himself close at hand, and as soon as the "young fellow in the straw hat" passed out of his ambush to see the effect of his shot, Belton was to put a minnie ball through his head. There were only three things that might interfere with the successful prosecution of this plan: the lack of a volunteer prepared to meet almost certain death; the possible omission on the enemy's part to reveal himself, and finally, the chance that Belton might, after all, miss his aim. Nevertheless, the Colonel gave his consent that the thing should be tried, in default of any better suggestion; and the following morning was appointed for the experiment.

At six o'clock I saw Camlion leave his tent and set off in the direction of our left. I had already noticed Belton heading the same way about a quarter of an hour previous; and putting this and that together, I awaited the issue in some suspense. But before seven o'clock Camlion returned, passed me with a strange look on his face and without returning my greeting, and immediately re-entered his tent, where, as was afterward inferred, he must have spent a great part of the night in writing, and arranging some papers. What had happened (as nearly as I can judge from subsequent developments) was this: He had started with the intention of calling on Rosalind Capel, at her house. The way lay through a wood; but just before emerging from it into the open ground in front of the house, he saw a man and woman standing beneath the shade of some trees about fifty yards away. The man was Belton, the woman Rosalind. Belton was apparently speaking eagerly and excitedly, Rosalind occasionally replying briefly and moving her head as if in assent. After a minute or two Belton ceased; she extended her hand to him, which he grasped in both his and raised to his lips. The next moment he had drawn her to his breast and kissed her face passionately and repeatedly, she not resisting. When Camlion saw this a hoarse cry broke from him, and he strode forward a step with fire in his heart. There he stopped; a cold and torpid feeling came over him; he turned about, and, slung at first, then more rapidly, made his way back to the camp.

A little before noon next day Camlion, Belton and myself, and another man, Haydon by name—a reckless, daredevil fellow, who had volunteered for the post of danger on the occasion—moved silently and cautiously down toward the fatal spot on the river's brink. The adventure was kept a strict secret, for since the night previous there had been whispers of treachery in the camp, and we knew not where to look for the traitor among us. It was, of course, indispensable to the success of our plan that the sharpshooter should have no suspicion of there being more than one person in the neighborhood. Keeping heedfully behind cover, we crawled along, and at length lay hidden in the bushes a few yards from the place. Then Camlion, with Haydon in his charge, slipped a little way down toward the left, until they were concealed from our sight by the intervening shrubbery. Belton got his rifle in readiness, and I made my preparations to do all that could be done for Haydon, as soon as the enemy's bullet had struck him. When I last caught sight of the poor fellow there was a drop about the corners of his mouth and a yellow pallor in his cheeks which showed that he was not insensible to the gravity of the situation. But Camlion had taken care to bring a flask of brandy along with him, and a quiet, steady cheerfulness of demeanor that was perhaps a better cordial still.

Left to ourselves, Belton and I had nothing to do but wait; and we did wait for what seemed to us many intolerable minutes. The river lapsed smoothly and silently by, a bird skimmed over the surface, a breath of wind rustled the leaves over our heads. I began to fear lest the suspense should make Belton's hand unsteady. Just then a half-smothered exclamation reached our ears from the direction of our unseen companions, and almost simultaneously with it the sound of a heavy step passing from the bushes to the open margin of the stream. The time was come. Belton crouched with rifle at his shoulder; our eyes were fastened on the opposite bank. Suddenly a white puff of smoke leaped forth—a sharp, flat report like the cracking of a whip; then the low, unmistakable thud of a bullet striking its quarry. The stricken man staggered and fell—still out of our sight, could we have had eyes for him then. But all depended upon our absolute immobility during the next few moments. The white smoke drifted down to windward. Before it had passed away I saw the figure for which we were lying in wait emerge quietly from its covert on the other side and stand revealed. At the same instant the bang of Belton's rifle rent the stillness; yet I had time to remark something inexplicably familiar in that alert, graceful form—something not compatible with its blue belted blouse and high boots. And what happened next? To me it seemed like an ugly, tumultuous dream. I remember leaping down through the bushes to the water's edge. I remember seeing Camlion, alive and unharmed, supporting Camlion's dying head on his knee, while he tore open the front of his uniform, and disclosed the shirt stained with blood. I remember Belton, with ghastly face and sobbing breath, tearing loose the painter of a small shirt that was moored close at hand, and putting off with frantic haste across the stream. And I know—but how can I tell—that he was going to fetch the body of the woman he loved, and whom he had slain! For the famous sharpshooter of the Rapidan was Rosalind Capel.

She was still living when they brought her in, but she had been hit mortally in the right side and was fast bleeding to death. But she smiled as we lifted her out, and her voice, though very faint, was distinct and composed.

"Lay me by Captain Camlion," she said; "I shall like to lie beside him. Had you no more worthless men in your army but you must lime me with a man like him!"

"I was the one you were to have had," said Haydon, "but at the moment the Captain flung me down and went forward himself. It was to take to help to them. God knows I am sorry!" and he burst into tears as he took her.

Rosalind smiled strangely and moved her hand until it touched Camlion's. Captain Camlion acted like the hero he always was," she said. "Now almost insensibly." "I loved him—never any one else—never you, yet a double traitor!" she added, turning her darkening eyes on Belton, who knelt in voiceless despair before her. "Last night you sold your adopted country for a kiss." Her eyes half closed for a moment and she breathed eternally. She opened them once more, turned her face toward Camlion, and made an effort to lift his hand to her lips. "Thanks!" she whispered. "I am not fit to kiss his mouth; but—if he were alive—I would ask his leave—ask his pardon!"

She did not speak after this, and in a few minutes she died very quietly.

Among Camlion's papers was found a letter to Belton, explaining his object in sacrificing himself. "You are my friend," it ran. "I will not stand before you and her, now that I know you love each other; but I shall never find a better time or cause to die than this."

Poor Belton! He was acquitted by the court-martial appointed to try him on the charge of having given information to the enemy; but I fear there was that in his memory which made the remainder of his life more bitter to him than any death.—Julian Hawthorne, in London World.

## The Mulch.

The value of covering the soil has been known so long and so commonly as to become a proverb—"Snow is the poor man's manure." Science and experiment have shown that what is so beneficial in winter is even more advantageous in summer and that few things can be more harmful than to denude the soil and allow it thus to remain for a length of time. They have demonstrated that the soil is increased in fertility by covering much more than the amount of material placed upon the ground as a mulch. 1st. A large amount of atmospheric ammonia deposited by the rains is retained. 2d. A certain proportion of water in the soil is necessary to the best conditions for chemical action, to make the largest amount of plant food available and to enable the fibrous roots of plants to feed to the best advantage; mulching retards evaporation. 3d. Our torrid sun acting upon the black, prairie soil, produces an amount of heat injurious to the fibrous roots of many plants; mulching cools and equalizes the temperature near the surface. 4th. Sudden extremes of temperature effect plants, as animals, unfavorably; mulching equalizes conditions, retards the action of frost and allows the plant to adapt itself to the change. 5th. Mechanically, it breaks the force of the rains and prevents them from compacting the soil. Other advantages might be named; but granting at this point the value of the mulch upon the soil, the practical question arises, how mulching can be done upon a scale sufficiently extensive to benefit field crops? On this some suggestions may be made.

1. All the straw, leaves and coarse waste of the farm should be kept till fall and spread on the fields to be plowed in the spring.

2. Scatter as much manure on the meadow and the pasture late in the fall as practicable. It will waste some by evaporation, but the mulch will more than compensate.

3. Keep the pastures and the meadows from being grazed too closely in the fall, so that a natural mulch will be upon the field at the commencement of winter.

4. The fields devoted to small grain should be plowed as soon as the crop has been removed and sown to oats or rye, as are best suited to future crops. The oats would make from twelve inches to two feet growth by the first of October, when the stock can be turned on to them. Rye can be grazed both in the fall and in the spring. The plowing and sowing to oats or rye would thus answer several purposes. It would destroy weeds, mulch the land and afford considerable late grazing, each of which would more than compensate for the labor. Where grazing is not desired the oats may be plowed under for green manure; or a crop of rye may remain until spring and then turned under for corn.

Under our present system of tillage, lands devoted to wheat and oats are allowed to mature a crop of weeds after harvest, or, if plowed to kill the weeds, remain uncovered nearly nine months out of twelve to the serious detriment of the soil.—Professor Knapp, in Iowa College Quarterly.

## Memory in Sheep.

I was settled in North America, farming, and kept a number of merino sheep, including several valuable bucks. These latter, with a few yearlings, I trained to come to call, and in especial had christened one "Jack," a fine young lamb "Tommy." Christmas, 1879, I passed at a friend's, and on my return found no response to my calls for either of them when visiting the yards. I also missed about a dozen ewes. Marks of "bobs" on the snow near the inclosure showed that thieves had been at work, but, although I hunted the surrounding country, I could find no trace of my lost property. A month elapsed, and I received a hint as to the whereabouts of the animals, and getting a search-warrant, I rode away some twenty miles, accompanied by the Marshal for the district, to a settler's farm.

My request for the return of the loan was laughed at and then denied. But being well armed, my companions (by this time increased in number) and myself insisted on viewing a flock of sheep grazing on the prairie some half a distance away. When about 100 yards off I commenced calling "Jack, Jack, Jack!" Tommy, Tommy, Tommy!" when to my delight and the extraordinary surprise of the bystanders the sheep detached themselves from the herd and came up to me at a gallop. The whole affair was so evident that detection and subsequent punishment followed in due course. The poor animals had been changed, as it appeared, in many possible ways, but memory (and a hope of oats as usual) proved unerring. This fact was given in certain of the papers, and was verified by the settler on the prairie.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The vapors of nitrous ether are recommended by M. Peyrussas as a disinfectant and antiseptic. They have neither a disagreeable nor harmful smell.

—The object glass for the Lick Observatory telescope in California is to be 55½ feet in diameter, and, if successful, will be the most powerful instrument of the kind ever made. About three years will be required to finish the telescope.

—An instrument, called the margarimeter, has been invented by two Parisian chemists for detecting the presence of margarine in butter. It is based on the different densities of butter and the greasy substances substituted for it or mixed with it.

—By means of a strictly vegetable diet, Dr. Hureau de Villeneuve states that he has succeeded in ridding himself of attacks of gouty rheumatism, with which he had been afflicted for years, and of which several of his ancestors had died.

—Last year it was said that Professor Baeyer, of Munich, had produced indigo artificially, but the process did not admit of the successful production of indigo blue on a manufacturing scale at a reasonable cost. Since that time the Professor has continued to work on the problem, and he has so far succeeded that he has taken out a patent for the artificial manufacture and application of indigo blue.

—As the result of his personal observations, M. Carlet states that the walking of insects may be represented by three men in Indian file, the foremost and hindmost of whom keep step with each other, while the middle one walks in the alternate step. The walking of arachnids can be represented by four men in file, the even numbered ones walking in one step, while the odd numbered ones walk in the alternate step.

—A very fine preparation for making steel very hard is composed of wheat flour, salt and water, using, say two teaspoonfuls of water, one-half a teaspoonful of flour and one of salt; heat the steel to be hardened enough to coat it with the paste—by immersing it in the composition—after which heat it to a cherry red and plunge it in cold, soft water. If properly done, the steel will come out with a beautiful white surface. It is said that Stubbs' files are hardened in this manner.

—The oldest medical work extant is a roll of papyrus obtained by the celebrated German archaeologist, Ebers, in Egypt. He was traveling in that country a few years since and learned that a papyrus roll had been discovered lying by the side of a mummy. After considerable difficulty he became possessed of it. It is about eleven inches wide and sixty feet long, and is in excellent preservation. It was written 1522 years before the Christian era, when Moses had just reached his twenty-first year. The author is believed to be the great Thoth, who was deified by the Egyptians on account of the civilization which he brought them. It is the intention of Ebers to make a complete translation of this work.

## FITH AND POINT.

—The last words of a lawyer—I'll soon be on the other side.—Detroit Free Press.

—It is a wise man who knows which side his bread is oleomargarined on.—Boston Transcript.

—It is noticeable that thin women always talk the fastest. A double chin can not be wagged with celerity, even by a woman.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

—The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady in a street car when a gentleman gives up his seat.—Washington Post.

—Dr. Holmes complains that "making verses is not so easy as sliding down hill," thus exposing himself to the contempt of the Sweet Singer of Michigan.—Boston Post.

—That very popular Polish nobleman, Hotwiski, is going into retirement in a few weeks. He will be sadly missed in social circles, and his place will be largely filled by the German Count, Eiscolager.—Burlington Hawkeye.

—"Shall I read you a pretty story, Effie?" "Has it got a moral to it?" "Yes darling." "Then, Mumsey, I'd rather not. A story with a moral to it is like jam with a powder in it."—Punch.

—"Look here, boy," said a stern Galveston parent, "you are telling me a falsehood. I can read it in your face." "Why, pa, you know you can't read worth a cent without your spectacles."—Galveston News.

—The Chinese professor at Yale had one student last year. The student progressed so favorably that at the end of the session he was able to enjoy reading his first tea chest.—Commercial Advertiser.

—Out in Leadville when one is introduced to a stranger the polite thing is to ask, "What was your name before you came here?" The next question, according to the rules of etiquette, is, "How did you manage to escape?"—Oil City Derrick.

## Guatemala Volcanoes.

The mountain climbers seem to have become disaffected with the limits of the Alps. They are scattering over the globe in search of new peaks to conquer. The recent exploits of Mr. Wympner and his companions among the giants of the Andes have just been followed by a still more hazardous performance in Guatemala, where some fearless explorers clambered to the top of the active volcano, El Fuego, boldly penetrating the curtain of deadly vapors about its summit under protection of a favoring wind. The volcano and its neighbor, El Agua, have a curious history. The City of Guatemala was first placed near El Agua, and in 1541 was destroyed by an earthquake and inundation. The inundation was ascribed to the mountain, and so the city was rebuilt further to the north. This brought it nearer to El Fuego, which proved to be as formidable an enemy as the other mountain. It shook up the inhabitants with earthquakes and terrified them with eruptions of lava, until in despair they moved their town a second time, and going still further north, founded the present Capital City of Guatemala upon a high plain.